

## DOCTORED DIAMONDS.

PLENTY OF SCOPE FOR CLEVER SWINDLERS.

Of Course the Police Will Get Him in the End and He Will Repeat—The Arrest of Pretty Mrs. Roberts in Washington Recently.

WITH the arrest of Mrs. R. E. Roberts, in Washington, D. C., recently, a clever fraud which, for many years, has been dormant, has again been revived, and will probably induce some smart rascal to turn his skill in that direction. Mrs. Roberts was caught in the attempt to sell "doctored" diamonds, and but for the suspicion of the would-be purchaser would have netted a big profit. The diamonds which Mrs. Roberts tried to dispose of were cheap yellow stones which had been skillfully colored.

Diamond experts say that stones can be so skillfully colored that detection is next to impossible; that there is a mint of money in such a scheme for the man who can do the coloring cleverly, and at the same time use discretion in the disposition of his goods.

And yet so perfect are the relations between the importers and dealers in these precious stones that the thing has not been attempted, commercially speaking, within the memory of the oldest expert.

The stones selected for this treatment are yellow stones of poor grade, in whose cutting little care has been employed. The fine stones are usually cut into what is known as the "knife edge," but in the yellow or inferior stones it is not uncommon to find rough edges over which the cutter has glided carelessly.

It is these rough edges, so to speak, which the diamond colorist selects for his manipulations. By means of a touch, ever so infinitesimal, of aniline dye, he is able to impart to the yellow stone, the beautiful tints which distinguish the white and more valuable diamond. When it is remembered that the white stone, with its indelible bluish radiance, is worth more than twice the yellow diamond, the significance of the color scheme is at once apparent.

Purple is the most effective color



MRS. R. E. ROBERTS. for this deception. Laid on with a fine brush and then coated with a preparation of glue and other substances it will successfully resist the action of alcohol, which is ordinarily relied upon by diamond dealers to uncover frauds of this kind.

That this deception is not more extensively practiced is to the undying credit of the diamond trade. This is a business which first, last and all the time must proceed upon confidence. Importers get their diamonds in packages direct from the European cutters, and the goods are never known to fall below the grade inscribed upon the parcels in which they come.

It will easily be comprehended, however, that an expert colorist could without fear of detection so manipulate inferior stones as to realize large profits from inexpert but confiding customers.

There is a story current that a number of apparently magnificent white stones were once purchased by the Shah of Persia, who, when they were brought to him, was engaged in the discussion of an American cocktail. His majesty, while holding one of the stones between thumb and finger, for better scrutiny, inadvertently dropped it into the cocktail. When it was fished out the diamond was observed to have changed its beautiful white and blue tint for a sickly yellow. The wise men who explained to the Shah the cause of this transformation are said to have received the lash. But after that the ruler, whenever he received a consignment of diamonds invariably took the precaution of dumping them into a bowl of crude alcohol, which was near at hand.

**Held the Snake.** While James Merrick and Enos Knowlton, of Coopersville, Mich., were picking blackberries the other day they heard some one call for help. Thinking it was some boys calling for some sport they at first paid no attention to it, but the cry kept up and they finally concluded that some one was really wanting help. After passing through the woods for about 30 rods they found Wm. Thirkettle, of Berlin, pale as a ghost. In his right hand he held the neck of a large black snake which was coiled around his left arm, extending from his hand to his shoulder. After the snake was removed from Mr. Thirkettle's arm and killed it was measured and found to be just five feet in length. Mr. Thirkettle said he stood near a tree picking berries and felt something against his arm, but thought nothing of it till all at once a snake's head appeared in his face. He quickly seized him by the neck when the snake tightened his grip on his arm, and Mr. Thirkettle could not get him off, for the harder he pulled on the snake the closer the snake gripped his arm and held it as if in a vice. "Then," says Mr. Thirkettle, "I yelled, for I was scared."

**Very Large Thing.** There is something between you girl," she asked. He replied sadly. "The dog." Times.

## AMOS DECKER KILLS G. MILES.

Murderer Makes His Escape Pursued by a Sheriff's posse.

Amos Decker, 19 years old, shot and killed George Miles at Findlay, Ohio, the other evening. The boys quarreled over a joke which some of the boys in the neighborhood had played upon a butcher and also over the butcher's daughter, to whom both were paying attention. Young Decker then ran to his home, a block away, for his revolver, while Miles was detained by Decker's father. When Decker returned he rushed up to Miles and fired, the ball entering the stomach, causing death in two hours. Young Decker, aided by his father, ran to the edge of the city, while a mob of 200 men, armed with shotguns, revolvers and pitchforks, started after him. The mob took along a rope. Old man Decker succeeded in getting hold of a big gray horse for his son and upon this the boy rode rapidly away. He was headed for Lima, but



AMOS DECKER. turned south a few miles out from the city and made good his escape.

## THEY SAW A GHOST.

Jersey Town Is Greatly Excited Over the Appearance of an Apparition.

The crew of freight train No. 407, of the Amboy division, Pennsylvania railroad, firmly believe that they saw a ghost while on the run from Jersey City on Thursday night. The train left Jersey City at 11 o'clock on Thursday night, and, having freight for Woodbridge, N. J., stopped at that place between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning. Fireman Bender went forward to flag any approaching train, but his hair stood on end when he saw a white form, apparently a woman, seated on a stone wall covering a small stream and rapping the stones with a stick. He mustered up courage and asked the ghost what it wanted. In response the spook gave a blood-curdling cry. At this Brakeman Whitehead, who had arrived on the scene, hurriedly took to his heels and sought shelter in the caboose. When Engineer Campbell's attention was attracted to the spook he exclaimed: "No ghosts for me," opened the throttle and rapidly carried his train away from the haunted spot. Brakeman Steinmetz of this city vouches for the story, and says a fireman on another train saw the ghostly figure at the same spot about a week before. Several Woodbridge people also saw the ghost, and the town is excited over the strange apparition. —New York World.

## A Hundred Million Suns.

A peep into the heavens through a modern telescope is a peep into the very depths of mystery. With such an instrument one may gaze upon 100,000,000 stars, each of them a burning, blazing sun! From what little we know of creation we cannot but believe that each of these suns is giving light and heat to a train of planets, just in the same manner that our sun gives light and life to his own little flock of worlds. Beyond those 100,000,000 suns there may continue "system after system and worlds without end." Verily, we may say with Richter's dream man who was taken on a voyage by an angel through the depths of space: "And there is none, neither was there a beginning."

## The Child Bride.

Mrs. Belle Joyce, 15 years old, was committed to the care of the Gerry Society, in New York, the other day. She had applied to Magistrate Simms to help her find her husband, George Joyce, 23 years old, who had saved her life at a watering place on the Pacific coast in June and married her three



## MRS. JOYCE.

weeks ago. The couple arrived in New York short of funds and the husband disappeared. Later a young man appeared where stood the noted Westinghouse to the police for aid in finding his wife, Belle Joyce. He said he had gone to Connecticut to attend to some business and had been robbed. He was directed to the Gerry society, where, however, he was not allowed to see his wife.

## To Claim His Bride.

Fifteen years ago Luther A. Ash, of Bennington, Mich., then a lad of 15, was compelled to go to Montana in search of health. In his letter home he inquired about his neighbor's daughter, Eliza Spangler, whom he used to carry on his back to school. When Eliza got older she corresponded with the Montana cowboy. Bennington's beaux used to wonder why she seemed to care nothing for their attentions. The other day a young man six feet tall, strong and robust, was seen riding a pony through the village. No one knew who it was until they saw the stranger rein up and dismount in front of Farmer Spangler's home.

He proved to be Luther Ash, who had traveled all the way from Ox Bow Mount on horseback to claim Eliza Spangler as his wife. He and Eliza went to Orono and were made one by Justice Byerley.

## IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Care of the Teeth—A Serious Problem in Marriage—Some Up-to-Date Costumes—Dressmaking Hints from Paris—A Mourning Gown.



ISS M. H. has had much trouble with her teeth, and asks for the best means of keeping them clean. Answer: In addition to the use of a suitable toothbrush and tooth-powder on the teeth, there is no practice which commends itself so highly as the use of a piece of silk thread. It will take the average person some time to become expert in handling it, but when this is attained, it will be acknowledged the best tooth-pick and beautifier of the teeth in the world. Cut off from the spool a piece of silk about fifteen inches long, which thoroughly wax. With the thumb and forefingers carry the waxed floss silk into each space between the teeth, the remaining three fingers of each hand being used to hold on to the ends of the silk firmly. The thumbs and forefingers of each hand as they hold the silk should be kept but a very little further apart than the width of the teeth between which the silk is to be passed. Thorough tension of the silk must be kept up at all times. For the eight teeth on the left side of the upper jaw, pass the silk over the end of the left-hand thumb, and over the end of the right-hand forefinger.

## APPROPRIATE COSTUMES FOR COOL DAYS.



Thus the palm of the right hand and the back of the thumb of the left hand will be toward the face. Hold firmly, slide it between the teeth with a gliding motion; carry it well down between the necks of the teeth and the free edges of the gums, but not in such a manner as to wound the latter, the pressure being properly brought against the teeth, not against the gums. Before sliding the silk from between the teeth, the silk may be rapidly drawn backward and forward on the necks of the teeth, thus polishing and preserving these surfaces, and "raking out" any deposits of food or incipient tartar which may be there. The silk could be slid from between the teeth with the same tension, when it is introduced between them, otherwise it will wear when the teeth are very close together. If this rule be observed, and the silk still tears, it indicates one of several conditions: a cavity of decay; a scale of tartar; or a sharp point or jagged edge of the tooth, any of which conditions should be corrected by a reliable dentist.

## A Problem in Marriage.

Maud H. has been a reader of the Ledger for many years, and says she has found so much good advice in it that she is constrained to come to it for some counsel for herself. She writes the following letter, which is given as illustrating one of the strange and unaccountable caprices of the sentiment which we call love: "Two years ago I met my uncle for the first time. He was then about twenty-six. I was sixteen. From that moment my thoughts have been of him. And he also loves me. He is everything that a woman can desire in a man. I shall never be happy unless I can marry him. The marriage laws of the state of New York allow me that privilege, but my father objects. I have to go to work and make my own living. My uncle says, 'Come to me. Be my wife,' and he can well afford to keep me very nicely. Now, which would you advise me to do—to go to my uncle and live in bliss, or remain single all my life and be a common drudge?" Answer: This situation is so unusual—indeed, in the eyes of the world, so unnatural—that it can scarcely be judged by ordinary standard. The opportunities for marriage must be limited indeed when near relatives feel constrained to marry. As for living in bliss, this may be a sadly mistaken estimate of the case. It is one of the most stern and rugged of facts that unnatural marriages are not productive of permanent happiness. Marriages that have any element of ill in them, or relations that must be con-

cealed, are almost certain, some day or other, to bring sorrow to the contracting parties. Life without each other probably seems just now not to be worth the living; but give a moment's sober second thought to the future. Think how it would seem to be ostracized and shunned by the best members of any community in which you might live because of your peculiar marriage relation. Fancy being ignored in every way, and ridiculed, possibly in your hearing, certainly in your absence, for there are great numbers of excellent persons who would never recognize those who had contracted a marriage of this sort. Indeed, it would not be called a marriage by many, even though the law does not forbid it. There is a decided moral difference between the thing allowed or permitted by law and the thing which is not forbidden. There is an unwritten law which is far stronger and more binding upon those who abide by the spirit of the law than any statute, and this spirit regards such marriages as unsuitable and an abomination. Therefore, for the sake of your future happiness and the peace of mind and self-respect, not only of you both, but of the children you may rear, do nothing that will inevitably put the stamp of dishonor upon your household and make you objects of pity and ridicule. —New York Ledger.

**Toilets, Etc.** Toilets, etc.—L. T. wants to know how to restore complexions burned by sun and wind. Also what sort of goods will make a serviceable and handsome riding-habit. Also if communicants of the Church may dance, play cards, go to the theater, and indulge in such amusements. She also asks as to the origin of the Indians and negroes, since

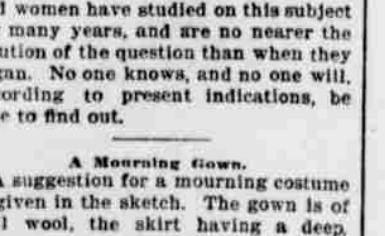
## THE MONUMENT.

over the Union which gave a strong stimulus to the well-directed enterprise to produce a suitable memorial in the highest school of the plastic art. The response was immediate and generous, and a commission was given to the eminent sculptor, Daniel Chester French, to design and execute the work. The memorial, as completed, was formally dedicated recently in Boston, with appropriate ceremonies, and the judgment of critical authority was that the architectural composition was one of startling artistic effect. In the dominating group of the three heroic bronze figures—"Erie," "Patriotism" and "Poetry"—we find an unalloyed sweetness of spirit, an invincibly charming as to soften the edge of whatever adverse judgment may be visited upon the outlines, the masses, proportions and color of the entire structure; and one critical writer has said that it is the loveliest group American sculpture has yet produced.

That such a monument should be erected in Boston is significant when it is considered that O'Reilly arrived there in tatters and penniless, a fugitive from a penal colony, whither he had been sent as an outlaw and Irish agitator of a very dangerous type. It shows, moreover, that there was something fascinating in the intellect and personality of the man who became a prime favorite with the highest New England literary circle, and left behind him an appreciative following such as has not survived the death of any Irishman who has come to our shores, from misery and exile and from daring escape, during the present century.

## The Hole in His Stockings.

All of Mount Vernon, N. Y., is stirred up over the case of Gilbert Fordham Archer and his wife and wonders if a divorce court will be the end of the difference of opinion. Mr. Archer declares that his wife will not mend his stockings and he wants a separation. Mr. Archer is of a prominent and wealthy family and has been married twenty-five years. Two daughters, married, and one son of 18 comprise the family. Mrs. Archer of late has shown evidences of being a new woman and recently enforced her freedom by refusing to do any more mending



## MRS. ARCHER.

for her husband. "I don't care for him any more," she says, "and I will not mend his hosiery." Hence the difficulty, as Mr. Archer has a prejudice against wearing stockings untrimmed. With the untrimmed mending basket as a basis the couple have finally agreed to differ and the other day they met at a lawyer's office to sign papers which had been drawn up agreeing to a separation. The money consideration could not be settled, so the papers remained unsigned. Mrs. Archer wants her husband to make good financial provision for her and intends besides to keep boarders. Just what Mr. Archer is going to do remains unknown.

## The Vastness of Siberia.

A graphic idea of the immense size of Siberia may be gleaned from the following comparison: All of the states, kingdoms, principalities, empires, etc., of Europe (except Russia), and all of the United States, including Alaska, could be placed side by side in Siberia, and yet but little more than cover that immense country.

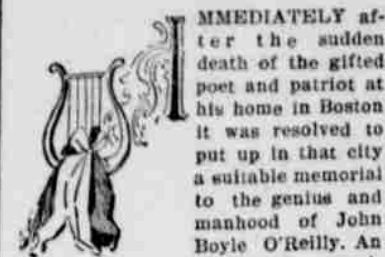
## A Fine Figure.

Shies—What a splendid figure Miss Phillips has. He—Yes, three millions. —Detroit Free Press.

## GENIUS AND PATRIOT.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY'S MONUMENT IN BOSTON.

Dedicated Recently with Great Ceremony—Coming to Boston in Tatters He Became the City's Most Honored Citizen—His Exile.



IMMEDIATELY after the sudden death of the gifted poet and patriot at his home in Boston it was resolved to put up in that city a suitable memorial to the genius and manhood of John Boyle O'Reilly. An amount of approximately \$50,000 was raised almost contemporaneously with the great memorial meeting at the Metropolitan Opera House, when a demonstration without parallel to the memory of a literary man took place, with all the dramatic features of music, poetry, rhetoric and the enthusiasm of the densely packed house. The sixty-ninth regiment attended in full regiments and gave martial ardor to the proceedings; the harp was played by the most gifted artist on that instrument then in America; Joseph L. G. Clarke read the poem—his own composition—and eloquent addresses were made by Gov. David B. Hill, Governor Leon Abbott of New Jersey, Roger A. Pryor and General Daniel E. Sickles. It was this and similar commemorative movements



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## A Fine Figure.

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## BORRY TO BOTHER HIM.

Regretted That He Had to Call a Neighbor and Time for Stamps.

He was not the countryman of the comic papers, says the New York Journal. His hat was a commonplace derby that fitted him very well; his hair had been cut during the month and seemed destitute of hay germs, and his clothes were not any funnier than they were fashionable. And yet he was undoubtedly from the country, and when he spoke he used a valuable magazine dialect.

He stood near the stamp window on the Park Row side of the postoffice and looked as if he were trying to make up his mind to do something disagreeable to him. At last, after watching people buy stamps for at least twenty minutes, he hesitatingly approached the window and said meekly:

"Hate to trouble ye agin."

"Whatcuwant?"

"You remember I was here yis'day?"

"So? Whatvit? Whatcuwant?"

"Why, ye see, I bought some stamps an' I thought they'd be all I'd need till I went back ter Fitch Holler, but I wrote a letter to Marthy, an' I sent her a calendar an' it took every stamp I hed, an' so I'm 'fraid I'll hev to trouble you for some more."

"H'many?"

"Always read ther warn't no profit in stamps, an' I feel reel mad at m'self 't I didn't get 'nough yis'day so's not to bother ye twice."

"H'many?"

"Well, ye might let me hev two."

"Four cents."

"There 'tis. Guess they'll do me. Sorry to hev troubled ye."

The crowd that had been impatiently waiting to buy stamps now pushed the citizen of Fitch Holler to one side and proceeded to "trouble" the stamp seller without any compunctions.

## A French Concert-Hall Singer.

At present New York is waiting with pleasurable anticipation for the debut of Anna Held, a musical artist who for the last year has enthralled all London and Paris. Miss Held has been engaged to appear in the farce "A Parlor Match" and it is said she will get \$1,500 a week for three months.

Anna Held is a little brunette of singular grace; her face is piquant and mocking, her eyes dark and expressive, her hair black and luxurious and worn brushed off her forehead. Her mouth is her chief charm and her teeth are white and perfect. She is but three inches over five feet, but has a beautiful figure. She is considered the reigning beauty of the music hall stage in England and France, where pretty women are put upon the stage and worshipped. Miss Held does not cling to



## ANNA HELD.

one style of costume, as does Yvette Guilbert, but dazzles her admirers by her varied wardrobe.

## Colonies and No Colonists.

What the French colonies cost above all things are colonists. The need is for more men. But in colonizing, as in all other things, the factor of competition appears. Only a definite number of colonists leave Europe every year and for them the colonies of the world informally compete, offering this or that advantage to the intending settler. But one of the first things the colonist wants to know is whether living will be fairly cheap in the place of which he is thinking. "Can I get the things I want to build my house and work my farm reasonably cheap, and will the comforts I shall want for myself and my family be procurable at moderate prices?"

These are the sort of questions that occur to the "balancing" colonist. But as regards the French colonies a close investigation can prove only one thing—namely, that settlers in them are handicapped by high tariffs and the dear prices that follow high tariffs. Hence the French colonies find it extremely difficult to attract colonists. Italians, Germans and Englishmen who are going to leave Europe find the French colonies too dear, and even the few Frenchmen who voluntarily "exile themselves" prefer places where they will not be pursued by the general tariff. The result is that the French colonies are without colonists.—Spectator.

## Seawall and Son.

Although Arthur Seawall, the democratic vice-presidential nominee, has long been a national committee man, his fame outside of Maine has heretofore been quite overshadowed by that of his melodramatic son, Harold Marsh Seawall, who was Cleveland's and Harrison's consul general to Samoa, and who distinguished himself by transferring his party allegiance to the republicans. The younger Seawall is more of an orator than his father. Father and son resemble each other physically, being men of medium height and sturdy physique, and each is a warm admirer of the other.

## Business.

Mother—"Mary, that young Spinner has been paying a great deal of attention to you of late? Do you think he means business?" Mary (with a faraway look)—"I am afraid he does, mother. He is the agent for a bicycle firm, and he's done nothing but try to sell me a bicycle ever since he has been coming here."—Puck.

## No Cows.

"I wish I knew of a summer boarding place where there are no cows; I would engage board there to-morrow." "Try our milkman; he's going to take boarders." —Detroit Free Press.

## A CLEVER WHITTILER.

MISS ADA MANNING MAKES GOOD USE OF A KNIFE.

Has Built a Miniature Locomotive—Has First Achievement Was to Cut a Chain from a Block of Wood—Map of the United States.



MISS Ada Manning, a pretty colored society girl, who lives with her aunt in Chicago, is an expert whittler and has lately constructed a little wooden engine, which runs on a miniature track, all the result of her handiness with a knife.

Miss Manning is a tall, finely formed young woman, 20 years of age, with beautiful, wavy black hair and an intelligent face. She was born in Indiana but educated in Michigan, where her parents still reside. She always loved to whittle, she says, and could make almost anything. Since going to Chicago she has continued to devote her spare moments to her favorite hobby and has carved out many unique and beautiful designs, some of which will shortly be placed on exhibition at a colored church bazaar.

To a reporter who called at her home recently Miss Manning exhibited her collection of whittlings and talked interestingly of her work. "I have always loved to whittle," she said. "My father is a carpenter and I used to watch him make the shavings fly. Then I would beg for his knife, that I, too, might make shavings. At first, of course, I simply whittled indiscriminately, but by and by I began to make things. My first difficult piece of whittling was a chain, which I cut out of a single stick of wood when I was only 12 years old. I had heard people tell of having seen such chains whittled, but as I had never seen one myself I didn't believe it could be done."

"One day I determined to try the trick for my own satisfaction. So I sat down and thought it out; then I began to whittle. To my great astonishment, the links began to drop off from my stick, one by one. The links were quite large, but I was delighted with my unexpected success, and ever since then I've been whittling chains. I like to whittle in the sunshines and can work best when somebody is boring me with a subject in which I am not interested."

Miss Manning's wooden railroad track is circular-shaped and is nearly ten feet around. It was whittled from a single piece of wood, but the engine, coach and tender that belong to it were constructed out of 310 pieces. Hand, or in its maker's words, "naive-power," is used in its locomotion and it represents the use to which Miss Manning has put her spare moments during the last six months.

But this is not all that this girl has accomplished with her knife. She whittles toy steamships and sailing yachts, makes chains and anchors of various designs, wooden babies, soldiers that will open and shut, whittled from pieces of lath, and she carves out pretty horseshoes containing four-leaf clovers and dainty monograms—all from one piece of wood. Her most original production, however, is a wooden map of the United States, cut from a solid pine board, 32 inches long, 3 inches thick and 18 inches wide. The principal cities are shown by small mounds bearing their names, and the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri rivers, the great lakes and mountain systems are displayed. Miss Manning worked several months on the map, and exclaims when exhibiting it: "You see, I own all the wood in the United States!"

Miss Manning plays the piano and



## MISS ADA MANNING.

sings acceptably. She is a dressmaker by trade and speaks of her ability as a whittler in a modest way.

## Mrs. Atherton in London.

The chief American guest at the dinner of the London woman writers appears to have been Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who took up her residence in London a little more than a year ago, and who has since had great vogue there both as a story writer and as a pretty woman. She has produced romances and short stories in rapid profusion, the latest being "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times." Mrs. Atherton is a blonde, of medium height, with regular features and light yellow hair. She made her debut as a writer in San Francisco, her former home, and afterward for several years resided in New York.

## Henry Ward Beecher's Sons.

Henry Ward Beecher's sons are an interesting men, most of the all the lawyer-son who recently secured his brother's acquittal in a celebrated case before a New York court. He is tall and straight, with a stalwart form that contrasts with his mother's diminutive figure. Mr. Beecher is between 45 and 50, though his hair is white. He was an assistant district attorney under Delancey Nicolai, and is a successful lawyer. He is an enthusiastic wheelman, and is fond of microscopy.

## How He Knows.

Jones—I can't understand why that Miss Abbey blushes her hair. It positively looks fast. Brown—She doesn't blush it and it isn't fast, however it may look. Jones—Why, you speak as if you knew all about it. Brown—I do. I blew it off while she and I were watching the sun set in the lake yesterday. —Cleveland Leader.